

from the King's hands as the
 reward
 of treachery ? Lady mine, you
 have
 the plenitude and peace of
 your great-
 ness ; you know not the secret
 crav-
 ings of a poverty-stricken
 soul. I
 dare not ask from you an atom
 more
 than that pity of love which
 you have
 for every creature in the
 world,

Malini

Father, what is your
 punishment
 for the captive ?

King

He shall die.

Malini

On my knees I beg from
 you his
 pardon.

King

But he is a rebel, my child.